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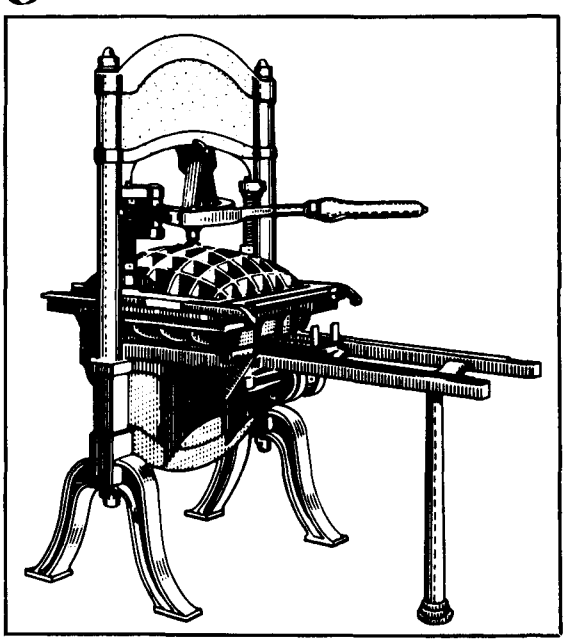

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ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY **RUTH PRIGOZY, JAMES FINN, SALLIE TeSELLE, RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR., FANNY HOWE, MARK TAYLOR, HARRY J. CARGAS, & ALAIN WOODROW**

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NEWS & VIEWS

Hans Kung et al.

The Vatican investigation into the orthodoxy of Swiss theologian Father Hans Küng has been broadened, according to sources, to include theologians Haag (Tübingen), Molinski (Wuppertal) Schoonenberg (Nijmegen) and Häring (Rome).

The surprise here is Häring, a moderate progressive at most, who was orthodox enough a few years ago to be Pope Paul's Lenten retreat preacher. Perhaps he just lives too close to headquarters.

The broadening of the probe was charged by editor Leonard Swidler of the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies* in making public a declaration of solidarity signed by an international group of theologians, pastors and scholars, on behalf of Küng.

The Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (formerly the Holy Office) has been looking into Küng with renewed industry since the appearance of *Infallible? An Inquiry*, a book in which Küng challenges the traditional exegetical, historical and theological grounds for the doctrine of infallibility.

The declaration protests the methods of the Vatican's investigation as a radical contradiction of the spirit of Christ and a dishonoring of "a man who has always understood himself as loyal son of the church." It asks that Küng be granted "full access" to the dossier of objections to his writings.

Signers of the declaration numbered 289, including 188 from Germany and 52 from the U.S.

The American list depends heavily on Protestants for its weight. It contains the names of Thomas Altizer, Markus Barth, Robert McAfee Brown, Franklin Littell and George Lindbeck. Among Catholic signators: Michael Novak, Helene Iswolsky and Father Richard McCormick, S.J.

Fun and Games

Thus did Harrisburg Defense Committee publicists handle the reshuffling occasioned by the expansion of the press office to include the Hoyts:

FOREST, URGED BY 'VOICES,' MOVES TO EAST HARLEM.

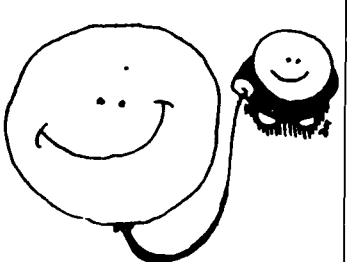
NEW YORK CITY—James Forest—often imprisoned peace activist, amateur cook, poet, artist, bicycler, camper and monk-fan—today moved his office site from the Harrisburg Defense Committee's national offices in downtown Manhattan to a brownstone in East Harlem, sources close to his bicycle mechanic have indicated . . .

Defense Committee sources refused official comment but indicated the move was for "health reasons" and that Forest's relocation was not, as had been suggested by one source, indicative of plans by Forest to re-enlist in the U.S. Navy. (Forest was a weatherman in Washington, D.C., supposedly with a U.S. Navy unit; Bernadine Dohrn, reached for comment at her Foley Square offices, refused to speculate on Weather Bureau ties with Weather Underground.)

Reached by telephone at his brownstone, Emmaus, which houses a "work collective," Forest stated that the move was precipitated by the IRT subway and "voices."

Forest stated that he will continue to work as a press secretary for the Harrisburg Defense Committee, developing booklets, informational material, Harrisburg 8-related tapes, and "other necessities of nonviolent resistance and cheerful revolution."

"Nonviolence," he quoted the voices as saying, "is biodegradable."



Other members of the Defense Committee press staff —Molly Berrigan, Bob and Mig Hoyt—announced that Forest's desk would be maintained as "a small shrine" as well as space for volunteer press assistants . . .

-30-

That release induced the following counter-release:

'VOICES' SQUEAK RAGE AT FOREST 'MISQUOTES'

NEW YORK—Quotations attributed by Bicycle Thief Jim Forest to mysterious "voices" were today denied by the mysterious voices.

"That Forest is full of saplings," one voice monitored at the Harrisburg Defense Committee squeaked. "What he needs is to be chopped down, sawed up and planted over."

"The lumber," said another voice, "will be full of nots (cq)."

A press conference with the voices was announced for all day tomorrow in the silent meditation room at the United Nations.

-30-

Release and counter-release were dated "Monday, Oct. 4, the Feast of St. Francis."

To Stay or To Leave

Washington Post writer Colman McCarthy probes the institutional unrest of American Catholics [Oct. 1] and concludes that on balance it is a healthy phenomenon. His last paragraphs:

"The styles by which people are reacting to the modern church—staying or leaving—is newsworthy because either way people are risking security and ignoring conventions. Twenty years ago this wasn't happening, nor is it occurring today in many institutions that prefer limp stillness [the Democratic and Republican parties, General Motors, *et al.*]. Whatever the personal choices regarding the church, at least most are being made headlong, well opposite of the style of cool uninvolvement that characterizes much of American life.

"Can a person be sure about the rightness of his decision to stay or leave? Hardly. He can be sure only of one fact: better to be awake with doubt than sleeping with certainty."

Revamping the Courts

Still another repercussion to the courtroom violence of recent months [News & Views, 10/8/71]. Government architects are altering blueprints for federal courtrooms now under construcion to make them smaller and more "secure."

Sources told the *Washington Post* that security was only a secondary consideration to that of efficient design and operation.

But the *Post* was unpersuaded, recalling the favorable impression which British courtrooms had on Chief Justice Burger and members of the committee recommending the change, during London meetings last July of the American Bar Association.

In those courtrooms, the judge and trial participants are on different levels, thus limiting areas of movement.

Odds and Ends

—The trend among Catholics to downplay denominational identification continues. Good Counsel College of White Plains, N.Y., a school maintained by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, is now the College of White Plains.

—Gregory Peck has announced that the filming of Dan Berrigan's play, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, will begin in Hollywood on Nov. 1. Which prompts a colleague to wonder if John Wayne might do a cameo of John Mitchell.

—Senator Frank Church recently returned to an old Senate debate by recalling Winston Churchill's comment on being asked if he often had to eat his own words: "Very often. And, on the whole, I've found them a rather wholesome diet."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Let's see, 3%—5%=uh . . .

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: In the News & Views section of your Oct. 8, issue, under the heading Welfare Employables, you derogate Ronald Reagan and the *National Review* for the bogus interpretation of welfare statistics. You then arrogantly proceed to apply your own "new math" to the same figures in a manner which would boggle the mind of even the most sophisticated statistician.

If 18 percent of 11 percent of the welfare recipients in New York City are frauds, it is not necessarily spurious to imply that 18 percent of all recipients are frauds. Gallup does much the same thing all the time.

For instance: Gallup regularly asks about 1,000 people, which is .000005 percent of the population, if they favor say, withdrawal from Vietnam. If 50 percent indicate they do favor withdrawal then Gallup interprets this to mean that 50 percent of all Americans favor withdrawal.

Now by applying *Commonweal* mathematics one would say that 50 percent of .000005 percent of Americans favor the proposal then it follows that only .0000025 percent of the American people want the United States to get out of Vietnam.

This is exactly how you arrived at your equation of "18 percent of 11 percent gives you a fraud level of just under 2 percent." Now we all know that for a poll or survey to be accurate one must take a representative sample. Granted the 11 percent of welfare people who must pick up their checks do not approach a cross sample of all welfare recipients. But if by some strange coincidence they did then *NR* would be right and in any case you are wrong. Please apologize to Messrs. Reagan and Buckley and for your punishment you must sit at the foot of Bill Buckley's drawing board until he feels you are

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DEATH OF A MAGAZINE

The death of *Look* was announced several weeks ago, but the news, not surprisingly, has been on and off our mind ever since. The history of the past ten years in publishing is such that no editor sees another magazine go down without wondering if his journal might not be the next to go. In many ways, of course, the problems *Look* faced and those of *Commonweal* seem quite different. We need no astronomical calculations to determine our circulation; that of *Look* reached a high of 7.75 million. In its best year, the advertising revenue at *Look* reached $80 million; we do about as well as most magazines in our category, but we are used to counting our ad revenue in thousands rather than *Look*'s millions. These are, clearly, substantial differences. But there are strong similarities too, and right now they are too close for comfort.

What killed *Look*? According to the official announcement, loss of revenue, the slack economy and spiraling costs, especially postal rates—a triple-strength case of the malaise from which we and most magazines suffer these days. Particularly onerous at the moment is the prospect of skyrocketing postal costs, with a raise in second-class rates scheduled over the next five years amounting to a boost of 142 percent—an increase that for *Look* added up to a jump from $4 million a year to $10 million. The end of *Look* meant a reprieve for hard-pressed *Life*, but the national implications of the magazine's death were emphasized by Andrew Heiskell, chairman of the board of Time, Inc., who said: "It is always bad news for the country when a responsible journal is forced to close down. It is particularly bad news when that development is, in part, engineered by an arm of the Government—in this case the Postal Service, which has already taken the first step in raising second-class mail rates to irresponsibly high levels." Again we would measure this additional cost to *Commonweal* in thousands rather than in *Look*'s millions, but the proportionate effect is the same.

This is not to suggest that the publishing business is without fault. The economics of magazine publishing are bizarre, at least as practiced by the giants in the field. A magazine like this one, for example, seeks ads but strives hard for more circulation to solve its basic problem; with a magazine like *Look*, circulation, or at least circulation alone, is no answer—indeed, too much circulation without a proportionate rise in advertising revenue may well spell big trouble for one of the giant slicks. The reason

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is simple, as most people are coming to realize: if you are reading *Commonweal*, the chances are that you paid close to what it cost to put the magazine out, unless you are reading it in a library or have taken too seriously Abbie Hoffman's admonitions in *Steal This Book*. But when you subscribe to *Life* or *Look* or any of the giants, you normally pay less than half of what it takes to produce the magazine, with the larger part of the cost and any and all profits coming from advertising. If and when ad revenue falls off for any reason—in *Look*'s case, to TV—disaster is immediate and total.

All this is far from academic. *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, Coronet, The Saturday Evening Post* —the list of big-circulation magazines that have gone to the boneyard in recent years is long, and a comparable list could be made of smaller publications, including religious journals, for which rising costs have just been too much. *National Review*'s William Buckley blames much of the current travail in the magazine field on the giants for their failure to charge the reader what the magazines really cost to produce; the result, he says, is that smaller journals like *Commonweal* or *New Republic* or *Nation* seem "too expensive" if they actually come close to charging what the magazine costs. No doubt there is something in this thesis, although there is no one overall theory that satisfactorily explains all the ills plaguing American magazines. One thing we are sure of: the editors of serious journals we know are not ready to throw in the sponge, by a long shot, but they are one and all running scared.

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A Slap in the Face for Franco

On October 1, General Franco, who is approaching his 79th birthday, officially celebrated the 35th anniversary of his accession to power. On that occasion he announced his intention of remaining at the head of the Spanish State "as long as God grants me life and clarity of judgment." He also decreed an amnesty for a certain category of political prisoners. If this act "was the cause of paternal satisfaction to the soul of Paul VI," as the official telegram sent by the Vatican to the Caudillo put it, the Spanish church is becoming less and less satisfied with the Franquist regime and more and more outspoken in voicing its grievances.

The latest slap in the face for Franco was administered by the recent assembly of bishops and priests, held in Madrid from September 13 to 18. It marks an important turning point in church-state relations in Spain. The slap in question was a motion expressing sorrow for the unilateral (i.e., pro-Franquist) position adopted by the church during the Spanish Civil War. This motion, which reads "we humbly recognize and regret the fact that we did not play our true role as ministers of reconciliation among our people when they were divided by a fratricidal war," did not achieve the two-thirds majority required to become an official resolution of the assembly, but was accepted by a large majority (137 in favor, 78 against, 19 "juxta modum" and 13 null).

This motion, one of the most hotly debated and one of the mere nine resolutions, out of 258, not to achieve the two-thirds majority required, is a significant example of the shift, among clergy and younger bishops, from deep-dyed conservatism to a much more liberal attitude. One only has to read the pastoral letter, signed collectively by the Spanish hierarchy in 1937, where the military rising led by Franco is described as a "crusade," to realize how radically things have changed. The position of the assembly of the bishops and priests with regard to the regime was made clear at the very outset when several delegations flatly refused to hold the meeting in Madrid's National Exhibition Hall, since this building belongs to the Ministry of Information. The meeting was finally held in the major seminary.

All the members of the Spanish hierarchy, 118 bishops, took part, together with 167 priests, elected from the different dioceses. The assembly was the crowning point of two years intensive preparation. After the Symposium of European bishops, held in Chur, Switzerland, followed by the assembly of French bishops and priests in Lourdes in 1969, the Spanish bishops decided to hold a similar assembly on the eve of the Roman Synod, to discuss the major problems facing the Spanish church.

During these two years, surveys have been carried out and meetings organized at diocesan and regional level—in 54 of the 64 dioceses and eight of the 11 ecclesiastical provinces. All this activity—involving more than 15,000 priests—produced no fewer than 4,000 resolutions, which have been collected in a volume of 400 pages. Of the seven major themes under discussion, the one on "the church and the world in Spain today" undoubtedly aroused the most interest. And only four of the sixty resolutions voted on this topic failed to get the two-thirds majority. The resolutions revolve around two major demands: that the church should become entirely separated from the state, and secondly, should be unequivocal in denouncing injustice and defending human rights.

On the first point, it is clearly stated that bishops and clergy desire a church free from privilege but conversely, free also from all forms of servitude. They refuse all political functions or civic honors (a number of bishops, such as the arch-conservative Guerra Campos, auxiliary bishop of Madrid, attend the meetings of the Cortes, the Spanish parliament, while others are on the "Council of the Kingdom"); they refuse all "official" posts (trades union or army chaplaincies, for example), as well as the official representation of the state at purely religious ceremonies and its intervention in the nomination of

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bishops. In short, they reject the present concordat and, if the resolution asking that the concordat be simply abolished unilaterally failed to get through, the assembly passed a resolution asking that the present concordat be replaced by "a system of limited agreements on clearly-defined questions, drawn up in an informal manner so that they may easily be revised."

On the second point, the assembly expressed "its concern for the fact that human rights are not respected sufficiently and that serious economic and social wrongs still exist." It demands full freedom of expression, the participation of the people in the running of public affairs and that ethnic and cultural minorities be respected. It calls for the abolition of the famous military tribunals, condemns physical and psychological torture and denounces the "imperialist, capitalist-type system that dominates Spanish society."

When the government got wind of the radical character of these demands, without showing outright hostility it instigated a more or less clandestine campaign of denunciation of the assembly, mobilizing to this end the various press organs which it controls in varying degrees, like the CIFRA news agency (unofficial voice of the regime), *Europa Press* (run by the pro-regime Opus Dei) and periodicals such as *Nuevo Diario* (edited by Lopez Rodo, Minister for Development) and *Pueblo* (a trades union publication closely linked with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs). The government's strategy has been twofold: firstly to minimize the results arrived at by the assembly and secondly to stir up as much clerical opposition as possible to the assembly, attempting in this way to give the impression of a church hopelessly divided and thus belittle its influence.

While the vast majority of the assembly's decisions were reached and approved by an overwhelming majority, it is true that the powerful conservative minority, led by Bishop Guerra Campos, who is hand in glove with the regime, put up a vigorous fight. During the deliberations of the assembly, a group of 11 bishops and 20 priests published a declaration claiming that the assembly was totally unrepresentative—an allegation which was firmly denied by Cardinal Tarancon, Archbishop of Toledo, primate of Spain and president of the assembly—and 80 priests belonging to the traditionalist group "Priestly Fraternity" organized a parallel meeting to the Madrid assembly, which they described as the result of "inadmissible democratism" and composed of bishops "dominated by radical minorities."

If there was any dominating going on, it was the work of the conservative minority rather than anyone else. In fact, they brought about a crisis in the assembly when the question of clerical celibacy came up. At that point, Bishop Guerra Campos stated publicly that he would walk out of the proceedings without further ado if a proposition was voted attacking the existing legislation on celibacy. A compromise was reached by tabling a motion which simply stated that "the results and the votes of the diocesan and regional assemblies on the question of clerical celibacy should be presented to the Holy See by the delegates to the Synod." Out of the thirty or so of these assemblies which have taken a vote on celibacy, two only wish to maintain the existing link between priesthood and celibacy while the other twenty-eight declared themselves in favor of "optional celibacy."

The Spanish bishops delegated to the Synod represent this new open attitude, on the whole, especially Cardinals Enrique y Tarancon and Quiroga y Palacios, Archbishop of Santiago de Compostela, and Bishop Echarren, auxiliary of Madrid. The last of these, who was General Secretary of the assembly of bishops and priests, recently signed a letter published by 230 priests in Madrid, expressing their solidarity with the builders on strike in the capital and deploring the death of Pedro Patino, a worker shot by the Civil Guard when he was distributing leaflets in favor of the strike.

But while these bishops are defending their newly-discovered ideas of renewal at the Synod, the reactionary rearguard is far from inactive back in Spain. The "Priestly Fraternity," which generally fills the role of unofficial spokesmen for the "political" bishops, has declared "on behalf of 5,000 Spanish priests" that the Synod is "heretical." And Bishop Guerra Campos stated in a letter published on October 4 in the *Diario de Burgos* that "the audacious resolution presented to the assembly of bishops and priests (asking forgiveness for the church's attitude in the Civil War) was the cause of deep disquiet in the assembly itself and in a large part of the Spanish clergy, on account of its political overtones and unjust character."

The Civil War still arouses strong emotions today, after 35 years—especially among the clergy where even several of the present bishops are among those who took up arms to fight for Franco—and it remains a symbol of the regime. To decry the war is to attack Franco. And this is why the assembly's seemingly innocuous and Christian statement aroused such a furore. While the assembly was still in session in Madrid, the regime showed its hand by an action that appears to be a direct response to the demand for separation of church and state and revocation of the concordat. It was also a thinly-veiled threat. The public authorities ordered the police to expel a group of strikers from one of the churches of the capital, where they had sought asylum. This expulsion was carried out against the wishes of the parish priest, who had the backing of Cardinal Tarancon. According to certain sources, both the Cardinal Primate and the Nuncio immediately asked Rome to react strongly against this attack on the liberty of the church and breach of the existing concordat. As Cardinal Palacios remarked at the end of the assembly, "This meeting marks the end of an era and the discovery of a new world." It could also mark the beginning of a new civil war: between church and state.

ALAIN WOODROW

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THE COMPLEXITY OF ACHESON

PETER STEINFELS

IT WAS IN the early '50s that I gradually learned the truth that every little boy and girl is born a liberal or a conservative, and that I had been born a liberal. Being a liberal, at the time, seemed to mean, among other things, that one was for Dean Acheson and against Richard Nixon and Joe McCarthy. Later on that changed. When Dean Acheson died, the other week, many liberals considered him more of an opponent than an ally; and Richard Nixon, who once called Acheson spineless, cowardly, and a dupe of Communists with the same regularity other men reserve for breathing, now intoned that "The nation, the Western alliance and the world all share in the loss of one of their staunchest champions . . . a man not only of great achievement but also of rare intellect, of rigorous conscience and of profound devotion to his country."

The shifting views on Acheson are, of course, an aspect of America's reassessment of its role in the world. Revisionist historians have taken the shine off the Cold War mythology; and even Cold War liberals have come to be embarrassed by as unremittingly hawkish a view of the world as Mr. Acheson's was, as well as by his support for the Portuguese and white Rhodesian regimes in Africa.

But the problem is deeper than that. Dean Acheson, by breeding, by temperament, by position, was a conservative, a phenomenon liberals are given to bemoaning the absence of—in the abstract. When one appears in the flesh, they tend to assume he must be one of their own. Gentleman's honor made Acheson stand by Hiss. Intelligence made him cut clean in China the way we have not been able to do in Vietnam: "The unfortunate but inescapable fact is that the ominous result of the civil war in China was beyond the control of the government of the United States."

For his gentleman's honor and his intelligence, this conservative was attacked by unintelligent conservatives. In the '50s, that is how the lines were drawn, and if Acheson became something of a liberal hero, the confusion was understandable.

But Acheson's intelligence was of a peculiar sort. It was that selective tough-mindedness which so often characterizes the conservative. The Washington *Post* editorial on his passing rightly commented that "Throughout his writing, as throughout his public career, there runs a thread of consistent, even insistent belief: a horror of moralism and religious fervor in political life." Yet the high style of Acheson's prose and the elegant cynicism of his thought, for all it might distinguish him from the primitives who attacked him and whom he scorned, still masked a moralism and fervor which was not so different from theirs. It was Acheson, after all, who in 1947 did much to raise the Truman Doctrine from the level of balance-of-power politics to an ideological crusade, pitting freedom against totalitarianism on a global basis. How much of this was Acheson's own belief, and how much a deliberate, and contemptuous, manipulation of public opinion —following Senator Vandenberg's admonition that the Truman Administration would have to "scare hell out of the country"—it is hard to say. But Acheson was never one to distinguish between Soviet imperialism and local Communist revolutions; it is significant that the man who declared Mao's China "a colonial Russian government" and "not Chinese"—Dean Rusk —was the man Acheson recommended to Kennedy for Secretary of State.

Acheson in the '50s became a symbol of the prerogatives of diplomacy against the clamor of the military cowboys; and yet Acheson's own faith in negotiations was feeble. The can't-negotiate-when-you're-losing, why-negotiate-when-you're-winning school of thought was one of Acheson's legacies. So, too, was his stance for "not suffering fools gladly." Acheson, of course, had more than his fair share of fools to deal with; although, as Ronald Steel noted, he was able to avoid all references to Richard Nixon in his autobiography. But it is hard not to conclude that Acheson's corruscating style, however endearing in a styleless Washington, was often an instrument to evade any real confrontation with critics, whether fools or not. There is a hard-nosed, stoical skepticism which is self-critical and one which is self-comforting; from Acheson, I believe, Washington received the latter sort—and we have paid for it dearly.

The full complexity of the man can be seen in a paradoxical comment of James Reston after his death: "Dean Acheson was a very dogmatic man. He hated the narrow-minded duffers and voluble windbags of politics." A dogmatism which is very sure about the dogmatism of others is complicated indeed. Reston then quotes an oft-quoted bit of Achesonia: "On one thing only I feel a measure of assurance—on the rightness of contempt for sanctimonious self-righteousness which, joined with a sly worldliness, beclouds the dangers and opportunities of our time with an unctuous film." Dean Acheson could never realize how sanctimonious, how self-righteous, how tainted with worldliness, more pompous than sly, and even how unctuous his own rolling expression of contempt could sound. That is his tragedy. His triumph is that he is one of the few leaders of our time who set forth standards by which he himself might be judged severely.

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A MATTER OF MEASUREMENT

The tangled relationship between Fitzgerald and Hemingway

RUTH PRIGOZY

In the three decades since F. Scott Fitzgerald's death and the decade since Ernest Hemingway's, their reputations have grown into legends, and contemporary interest in their lives seems even greater than in their works. Those lives are, of course, linked. In fact, nothing either of them wrote or did is more fascinating than their friendship, which has by now evolved into a kind of mythic superstructure concealing, even distorting, the real—if fragmentary—available evidence.

Most of us are familiar with some surface details: how they met in Paris in the twenties when Fitzgerald was a fabulously successful literary phenomenon, squandering his talent in pursuit of an elusive "good life," and Hemingway was an aspiring writer, devoted to his craft, jealously guarding his talent, living in a cold-water walk-up on the Left Bank, working in dimly lit, but at least warm, cafés. We recall that their friendship cooled as Hemingway's star rose and Fitzgerald's faded in the gray years of the Depression; that Hemingway occasionally lashed out at Fitzgerald's life-style, his "saucedom"; that Fitzgerald, despite his wounded pride, accepted the other's abuse and remained devoted, even awed, by his now-distant friend.

But published accounts of their friendship are inadequate; and even a careful reading of their notebooks and correspondence reveals little that reaches beneath the surface of the relationship. Morley Callaghan, who knew both men intimately in Paris during the summer of '29, when their friendship was already strained, gives a first-hand account of these months in his book *That Summer in Paris,* and he admits that he couldn't help wondering at the time what "something else" besides Fitzgerald's drinking lay behind Hemingway's animosity. What had happened between them? "Is it in Scott or in Ernest?" he mused. Perhaps the question can never be answered satisfactorily, but we can at least try. After studying the available evidence, I find myself drawn to several conclusions that may help to remove this singular literary friendship from the arena of fruitless gossip and place it in the perspective of modern American culture. What I have to say will point up, I think, the fundamental differences between Fitzgerald and Hemingway as men, as writers, and as Americans.

Literary feuds and strained relationships between former friends have never been uncommon; every student will recall the most famous cases—Byron and Leigh Hunt, Hawthorne and Melville, Conrad and Ford Madox Ford, even the polite debate between Henry James and H. G. Wells, which ended in personal pique after Wells published a parody of James. The Fitzgerald-Hemingway relationship seems unlike these; it is so riddled with outright nastiness that we positively yearn for the Edwardian gentility of the James-Wells controversy. Hemingway's desire to insult, to wound, even to destroy, persisted long after the object of his derision had died. And Fitzgerald's near-masochistic courting of humiliation at the hands of his "literary conscience" casts doubt on a too-facile assumption of Hemingway's sole culpability. Like Callaghan, we wonder how and why the trouble began, and, especially, what particular quality in Fitzgerald elicited Hemingway's distaste, even his fury.

By the time the two writers met, in the spring of 1925, F. Scott Fitzgerald was the established author of a popular novel and two volumes of short stories, and his work was appearing regularly in popular magazines like *The Satur-*

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day Evening Post, Red Book and *McCall's*. As yet, Hemingway had only a small, though growing, reputation among the avant-garde. Up to now, their lives had had several common elements: Born within three years of each other in the late 1890's, both came from the Midwest; both worked briefly in advertising; both had already put early religious training and belief behind them; both were more than normally devoted to athletics (Hemingway as a participant, Fitzgerald, because of his size and build, as an observer); and both had been markedly generous to other aspiring writers—notably, Fitzgerald to Ring Lardner, Hemingway to Callaghan back in the very early twenties when he was a successful reporter on the *Toronto Star*, where Callaghan was an apprentice. Here the parallels end. Despite the surface similarities, the permanently affecting experiences in their youths are totally dissimilar: Hemingway's service as a newspaper reporter, his harrowing experiences in the Italian ambulance corps during World War I; Fitzgerald's at prep school and at Princeton, where he served his literary apprenticeship, and, later, his tortuous courtship of Zelda Sayre over many struggling, impecunious months.

From their first meeting, Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for his new friend led him to actively assist Hemingway's career. Months earlier, upon reading some short pieces in the *Transatlantic Review,* he had advised his Scribner's editor, Maxwell Perkins, to get in touch with Hemingway who had, he assured Perkins, "a brilliant future—he's the real thing." Fitzgerald's excitement was, as Glenway Wescott later recalled it, "more than ordinary art-admiration . . . bold, unabashed, lacking in sense of humor." And Hemingway describes himself (in *A Moveable Feast*) as overwhelmed and embarrassed by the sheer force of it. Several years later, Morley Callaghan, too, felt the thrust of Fitzgerald's friendship: "Once he had made up his mind that you were temperamentally akin to him, he wasn't concerned about withholding anything of himself." Fitzgerald always behaved as though he had to bear the major burden of any friendship, had to entertain, fascinate, absorb—in some way affect others—much as Dick Diver does so effortlessly in *Tender Is the Night*. Unaware of the forms Fitzgerald's commitment to his friends might take, Callaghan was nonplussed, one day, at the famous author's unannounced appearance at his door, visibly anxious to patch up what had been at most a trivial misunderstanding. "Never in my life," he remarks, "had anyone come to me so openly anxious to rectify a situation."

Obviously, Fitzgerald's naive expectations of close friendship with Hemingway were doomed to disappointment. But in the early days—1925 and 1926—their relationship was firmly grounded in mutual respect. They spent hours together in Paris cafés, exploring, analyzing, debating literary values and techniques. Fitzgerald's admiration for Hemingway's ability soared with the publication in 1925 of *In Our Time*. His perceptive review of the book in *Bookman* was the first notable examination of Hemingway's technique to appear in print—and it impresses us today with the clarity and precision of its insights, with its immediate recognition of the vital quality of Hemingway's prose.

During these years, Fitzgerald generously aided Hemingway with several financial loans, and their letters indicate that their contacts were pleasant. True, Hemingway always objected to the Fitzgeralds' unannounced incursions—frequently post-midnight—into his domestic life, but these were minor annoyances. Indeed, in 1926, Fitzgerald wrote in a letter to Hemingway, "I can't tell you how much your friendship has meant to me during this year and a half—it is the brightest thing in our trip to Europe for me." He continued to offer to do anything at all for his friend: For "human help under any head—remember you can always call on your devoted friend, Scott."

Soon afterward, several things happened that would permanently affect their relationship: Hemingway achieved notable success with his first major novel, *The Sun Also Rises,* his domestic life was marked by discord, divorce and remarriage, and Fitzgerald's own situation worsened. His wife had begun to show signs of mental illness, sales of *Gatsby* had been disappointing and his new work went slowly. Financial pressures had intensified and he was working far into the night to complete the short stories that now provided his major source of income. (Though it is generally assumed that Fitzgerald exercised little control over himself, he was always, despite his drinking, rigidly disciplined. The stories of this period—if we disregard the banality of the plots—show the same careful attention to verbal tonalities as his best novels.)

Both Fitzgerald and Hemingway moved around a good deal from 1926 to 1929, but they maintained their friendship through letters. Hemingway must still have valued the other's literary advice, for although he denied to Morley Callaghan that they'd had any recent contact, he let Fitzgerald read the manuscript of *A Farewell to Arms;* by the summer of '29, before its publication, Fitzgerald was quoting from it admiringly. But Hemingway was beginning to show the same resentment toward this literary benefactor that had already destroyed his friendship with Sherwood Anderson (whom he had ungenerously parodied in *The Torrents of Spring*) and Gertrude Stein. In mid-1929, the two writers were living a few blocks from one another near St. Sulpice on the Left Bank, and Callaghan chronicles with pitiless clarity Hemingway's growing disaffection from and ultimate rejection of Fitzgerald—though he merely hints at the mysterious undercurrents that led to the dissolution of their friendship.

Their gradual estrangement began, according to Fitzgerald (in his *Ledger*) with Hemingway's "coldness." Having evidently decided that Fitzgerald's friendship was a nuisance, Hemingway had told his publishers not

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to disclose his Paris address to Fitzgerald. Hemingway's pattern of broken friendships was by this time apparent. Callaghan comments: "Ernest now avoided the close friendship of other writers unless he had something in common with them aside from the writing." His need for artistic independence and self-esteem does not, however, explain his cruel avoidance of Fitzgerald. "Was there something in Ernest's nature that made him want to slough off anyone who had affection for him?" asks Callaghan. Fitzgerald certainly *felt* sloughed off, but characteristically, and despite the probability of humiliation, tried, through Callaghan's mediating efforts, to get their friendship back on its old footing of affection and respect.

It was inevitable that he should fail, but neither he nor Callaghan had foreseen the depth and extent of Hemingway's hostility as it showed up on their first encounter. The reunion, prompted by Callaghan, who was acting as Hemingway's boxing partner that summer, began pleasantly enough: They had lunch together and chatted amiably, with no sign of rancor. But there followed a nasty scene during an afternoon boxing match between Hemingway and Callaghan for which Fitzgerald served as timekeeper. At the gym, Fitzgerald was visibly delighted, obviously absorbed in the spectacle of his friends'

athletic performance. Perhaps this concentrated attention made Hemingway self-conscious; perhaps he wanted to show off his prowess. At any rate, as Callaghan reports, he grew careless and Callaghan hit him on the mouth, drawing blood. Fitzgerald watched, fascinated. Hemingway, embarrassed, fought roughly, recklessly, looking for a chance to land a hard blow on Callaghan. In one of these furious onslaughts, Callaghan hit him on the jaw and he fell. As Hemingway got slowly to his feet, Fitzgerald glanced at his watch in horror and cried out, "Oh, my God, I let the round go four minutes!" (They had agreed on one-minute rounds with two-minute rests.) Hemingway stared silently at him for a while and then spoke, deliberately, savagely: "All right, Scott . . . If you want to see me getting the shit kicked out of me, just say so. Only don't say you made a mistake."

Hemingway never apologized for the attack; Fitzgerald was shattered by it. And, later, public gossip so distorted the facts of the match that Hemingway felt his reputation had been permanently damaged. The barrier between him and Fitzgerald was now insurmountable.

The boxing incident may be regarded as a paradigm of their future encounters: Hemingway, brutal and unrelenting, striking out, wounding; Fitzgerald hurt, bewildered, and after a lame, sputtering attempt to soothe his friend's ruffled feelings, becoming passive, covering his injured pride with a patina of small talk. What undoubtedly remains alive for Callaghan, and what makes his narrative so affecting, is the memory of the intense feelings the incident aroused in both Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and his own sudden and shocking glimpse into an unsuspected ferocity.

Contacts between the two during Fitzgerald's last years were desultory. Once, in 1935, Hemingway casually invited him to go fishing in Florida, but he declined. We infer from his letters that he grew resigned to Hemingway's disaffection, that he had no wish for a superficial renewal of contact, and that aside from a few twinges of nostalgia—and envy—Hemingway ceased to trouble him.

But Hemingway was not finished with Fitzgerald. The injury he felt Fitzgerald had done him (whatever it was) probably still rankled; his distaste for Fitzgerald's habits (particularly his drinking) deepened; and he repeatedly, and often publicly, disparaged the former friend whose physical and financial condition had so deteriorated as to render him a defenseless target. When *Tender Is the Night* appeared in 1934, Hemingway tied in his appraisal of the novel (in a letter to Fitzgerald) with criticism of the author's personal life. When *The Crack-Up* series appeared in *Esquire* in 1936, Hemingway, in a letter to Maxwell Perkins, characterized Fitzgerald's searching self-examination as "whining in public." And he followed by weaving a scornful description of Fitzgerald into his new short story, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1936):

> He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe [of the rich] and how he had started a story once that began "The very rich are different from you and me." And how someone said to Scott, Yes, they have more money. But that was not humorous to Scott. He thought they were a special glamorous race and when he found out they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him. [The proper name here was altered in a later revision to read "Julian."]

Fitzgerald was deeply hurt at what seemed the unkindest blow of the many he had recently received. He responded—unlike Hemingway, privately—by asking him to "please lay off me in print," and generously concluded the letter by praising the story itself as "fine . . . one of your best." Although he admitted to Perkins that "Somehow I love that man no matter what he says or does," he had already conceded that he was unable, in

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his present despair, to face the much more successful Hemingway.

They met again by chance in 1937 at a fund-raising screening of Hemingway's Spanish Civil War film, but they could no longer communicate even superficially (and Hemingway did not try). Fitzgerald reported to Perkins that he was repelled by Hemingway's insufferable self-absorption, his fanatical intensity, his strenuous pursuit of some unnamable, perhaps unknowable goal. In the lonely splendor of his vanity, Hemingway was riding the crest of popularity and notoriety, and Fitzgerald was, as he had so often felt himself in his youth, once again the outsider.

Up to the end, Fitzgerald was able, through his disappointment, to view Hemingway with humorous detachment, even with fondness. He regarded Hemingway's attacks as the irrational products of maladjustments that were just as serious as his own more obvious symptoms of emotional disintegration. In one of his last letters to Hemingway, Fitzgerald concealed his private reservations and praised *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as "a fine novel, better than anybody else writing could do." Perhaps the best epitaph to his troubled friendship with Hemingway is Morley Callaghan's observation, "I never heard him make a single derogatory remark about Hemingway."

For Hemingway, however, resentment did not fade even with Fitzgerald's death. In 1960, in one of his last interviews, he declared in *Holiday* magazine, "Fitzgerald was soft . . . he dissolved at the least touch of alcohol." And in *A Moveable Feast,* the posthumously published memoirs of his expatriate years (written in the late fifties), Hemingway administered the *coup de grâce* to Fitzgerald's ghost, impaling it on the triple prongs of ridicule, condescension and disdain. But, as I hope to establish below, *A Moveable Feast,* although a superior piece of writing, is *fiction,* and it reveals, as fiction masquerading as fact often does, considerably more about its author than its subject. For the reader, *A Moveable Feast* paradoxically and unalterably diminishes Hemingway the man.

It is part of the curious puzzle that in his last years Hemingway's obvious respect for Fitzgerald as writer belies his bellicose public statements about the man. In leafing through his most regrettable novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees,* I recently noticed a passage lifted almost verbatim out of Fitzgerald's 1932 essay, "My Lost City." As Colonel Cantwell observes the scene before him, he muses (*Across the River . . .*, p. 34), "They were coming up on Mestre fast, and already it was like going to New York the first time you were ever there in the old days when it was shining, white and beautiful. I stole that, he thought." He certainly did steal it—from Fitzgerald's poignant invocation to that "shining edifice" he had discovered in the days when New York had "all the iridescence of the beginning of the world . . . Come back, O glittering and white!" This sort of thing indicates, I suggest, that by indirectly offering Fitzgerald the tribute he found so difficult to articulate during the latter's lifetime, the creative, instinctual side of Hemingway's nature valued, perhaps even envied, Fitzgerald's gifts. It was the other, the dark underside of his consciousness, that sought to destroy the threat posed by Fitzgerald's friendship.

Public Personalities

The roots of the private quarrel are directly traceable to the two writers' roles as public personalities. Immediately after achieving early success, both men lived in the glare of publicity; since both had uncommon physical attractiveness and charm, the public quickly enthroned them as culture heroes. And, whether consciously or otherwise, both of them exploited the dramatic possibilities that inhered in any situation and, indeed, cultivated the art of gesture to a point where it became difficult to separate public from private personality. (It should be noted that the American writer as popular hero is by no means a recent phenomenon. From Whitman's first appearance as shirt-sleeved, bearded prophet to Mark Twain's white-garbed, all-American stump humorist, from Vachel Lindsay's pre-folk-rock bard to Norman Mailer as Everyman, the American writer, insecure, self-consciously aware of his traditionless past, has frequently —and successfully—sought to establish an identity beyond himself, to become a heroic symbol of his particular conception of America.)

For Fitzgerald, it began when his profile seemed to serve as model for slick-magazine illustrators and his grace and charm were imitated by every aspiring young cosmopolite. He became—too quickly—an American legend, symbol of youth and prodigality, with whom golden girls, abandoned and exciting, would dance till three o'clock in the morning. And because in America, as Leslie Fiedler has noted, nothing succeeds like failure, Fitzgerald's dissolute life-style was soon elevated to sentimental tragedy, and the public was able not only to admire the dazzle, but to shake its head smugly at the excesses committed in the name of art.

Hemingway's reputation was based, at the outset, on characteristically American virtues as celebrated by the movies and pulp-fiction: He was the silent stoic, the man of action, brave beyond either the need or ability of the common man, the writer whose fiction was forgivable (artists are generally suspect) because outshone by his exploits in the battlefield, hunt and bullring. His art, too, laconic, violent, straightforward, conformed to the Hemingway mystique; even today, and particularly among the young, it stands for manly defiance of weakness, conformity and the ordinariness of everyday existence. Hemingway's penchant for self-advertising soon drew him away from his early associations with writers and artists and toward alliances with movie stars, socialites, and

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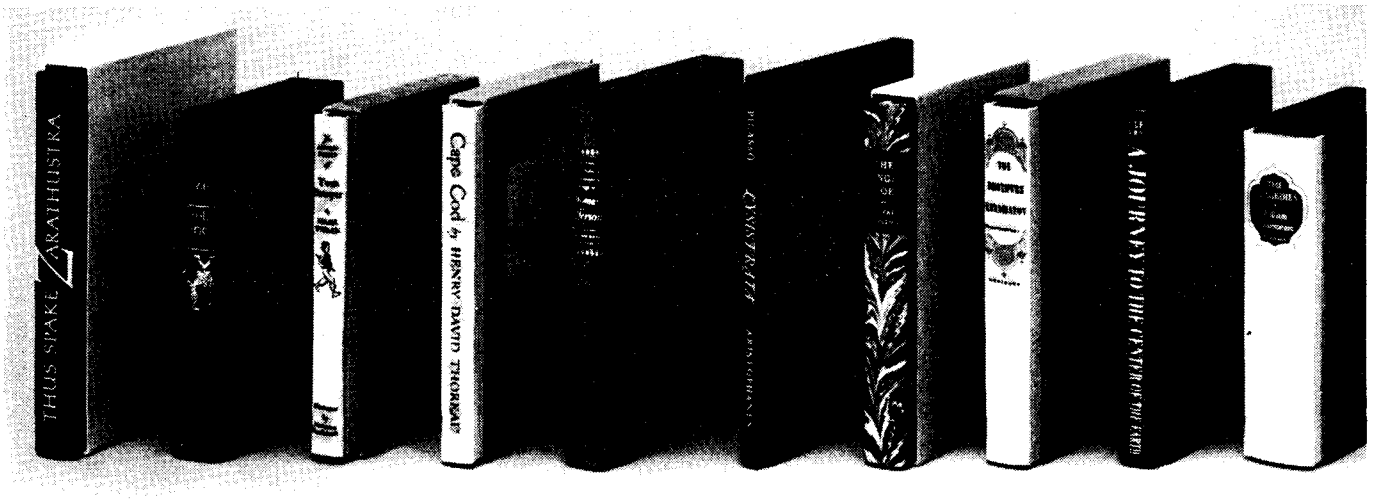

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sportsmen—prominent figures whose public and private lives were inseparable and among whom he could exploit his showmanship without censure. During the thirties, in fact, he became, as Edmund Wilson put it, "the worst invented character" in his own work, "arrogant, belligerent and boastful."

Fitzgerald and Hemingway responded to one another on two levels. Obviously, each was affected by the other's reputation. But on a more important level there was mutual personal need.

Fitzgerald's is the more easily defined. An incurable romantic, he required an embodiment for his dreams of personal heroism and physical superiority, and he found that embodiment in Hemingway. He admitted, for example, to patterning Philippe, the swashbuckling hero of his atrocious medieval stories (*The Count of Darkness,* four episodes, on which he worked from 1934 until his death) on Hemingway. He constantly bracketed his own name with Hemingway's in private conversation ("people like Ernest and me") and devoted himself to boxing (as an observer); and to the end, when personal contact between them had ceased, when he had become disillusioned with Hemingway the man, he remained obsessed by Hemingway the legend.

Hemingway's response to Fitzgerald is a more complex matter. Says Morley Callaghan: "I felt [in that puzzling summer of 1929] his explanation that Scott as a drunk was a nuisance didn't tell the whole story. He seemed to have some other feeling about him, some other hidden resentment. I remembered, too, that in the beginning, five years ago, before he had met Scott, he hadn't expressed any admiration for his work. But his strange resentment, if it was there, and . . . calm and deliberate as he was I nevertheless felt it in him, was to be kept secret—if possible. . . ." All his life, Hemingway detested public displays of feeling, which he identified with weakness and effeminacy. In his ill-concealed attempt to exorcise doubts about his own virility (which emerge with patent clarity in his novels and stories), in his painful over-assertion of strength, Hemingway evidently selected Fitzgerald as an alter ego, a repository for his very real insecurities and sexual worries. And, in a way, Fitzgerald knew this. He wrote Perkins in 1933, "I am *his* [Hemingway's] drunk just as Ring [Lardner] is mine." Unconsciously, he seems to have responded to the weight of Hemingway's obsession by becoming outwardly the walking model of Hemingway's fears, the symbol of his despair. And Hemingway in turn was goaded by Fitzgerald's abject admiration into virulent displays of "virile" arrogance and scorn.

Thus each writer began to act out the other's conception of himself, thereby attesting to the power of what psychologists call the "self-fulfilling prophecy." This accounts, at least in part, for Fitzgerald's increasing vulnerability and for Hemingway's unpleasantly assertive masculinity, his abhorrence of "softness," which he came to believe lay everywhere, threatening to engulf him.

Fitzgerald's behavior toward his hero consistently verged on the ridiculous; he courted humiliation as others did success. He thus lived up to Hemingway's image of him and at the same time gratified his own self-destructive impulse, his perverse need for punishment. Conversely, Hemingway seemed to come victoriously out of every emotional scuffle, whether with Fitzgerald or anyone else. He so subserved his public image that, according to Callaghan, "in the course of time, no matter what he had done, he would manage to emerge in a good light"—until, finally, he succumbed to the spell of his own legend.

As the years passed, Hemingway's fears of sexual and artistic ineffectuality led to those ungenerous outbursts that culminated in the slyly nasty attack on Fitzgerald that comprises the last fifth of *A Moveable Feast.* Here, his self-doubt is at the core of a calculated derogation of Fitzgerald's virility, artistic integrity and human dignity. I have searched through the Fitzgerald collection of letters and manuscripts at Princeton, and in none of them have I found a shred of evidence to support Hemingway's account of Fitzgerald's sexual insecurity (the account in Nancy Milford's *Zelda* of Zelda Fitzgerald's accusing her husband of having an affair with Hemingway attests to the severity of her own, not her husband's, maladjustment); in his relations with women he seems to have been self-possessed and entirely success-

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ful, singularly free of the straining-for-manliness that marks Hemingway and his fictional heroes.

In *A Moveable Feast,* Hemingway's initial description of Fitzgerald stresses his face "between handsome and pretty," his "delicate long-lipped Irish mouth that, on a girl, would have been the mouth of a beauty . . . the mouth worried you." In his account of their trip to Lyons, Hemingway's paternalistic pity for Fitzgerald is an offensive note, marring an otherwise superb fictionalized comic adventure. In the next chapter, Hemingway relates only those anecdotes calculated to further degrade Fitzgerald. In "A Matter of Measurement," he launches a vicious attack on Fitzgerald, posing as father-confessor/worldly-man-of-experience, while Fitzgerald recounts in unnecessary detail his wife's despair over his sexual inadequacy. Finally, in the last of these chapters comes what surely must be regarded as the unkindest slur of all; he reports that the waiter at the Paris Ritz Bar remembers everyone from the halcyon days of the expatriate boom—everyone, that is, but Scott Fitzgerald.

Corrosive Bitterness

Thus Hemingway's last work reveals, I believe, the corrosive bitterness of a once-great writer who unconsciously regarded *himself* exactly as he did his former friend: dissolute, pitiable, slighty ridiculous and sexually inadequate. But he played out his public role until he was unable even to pretend to the old myth. He could no longer suppress what he had concealed for years from others and from himself, and his life ended in torment and suicide.

The curious relationship that I have been scrutinizing remains of more than passing interest not only for what it reveals about the personalities of two celebrated public figures, but for what it indicates about their stature as American writers. What Hemingway deplored in Fitzgerald was primarily his openness to people and to experience. For Fitzgerald, the intensity of living led inevitably to emotional peaks and valleys, to a wasteful expense of vitality on people and situations of dubious value to his life and work. But at the end, and although there is no special virtue in waste, can it not be said that Fitzgerald's vain efforts to live beyond his capacity—which his critics quickly labeled profligacy—created as well as destroyed him?

In his generosity, his essential decency and optimism, Fitzgerald was searching beyond himself for a world where he might finally realize the glowing promise of America, the vision so vividly evoked at the end of *The Great Gatsby.* By reaching out beyond the present, by piercing the nostalgia that for so long clouded his vision, by at last accepting things-as-they-are, he succeeded in finding, after despair, a new, creative realism. His duel with Hemingway, then, symbolizes his struggle with the world; in each case, he unexpectedly emerges the victor.

Hemingway's hostility toward Fitzgerald was symptomatic of his fear of closeness to others, particularly to writers who demanded an emotional commitment he was unable to make. The friends of his later years accepted and enjoyed the Hemingway façade, and the man beneath could thus live untroubled by the devouring claims of the artists and writers with whom he had shared his memorable Paris adventure. (The regret that suffuses the pages of *A Moveable Feast* is indeed its most genuine and affecting quality.) By closing himself off from such relationships, he remained emotionally and artistically static. Essentially, Hemingway was a greater romantic even than Fitzgerald, for *he* never lost his early dream of heroic fulfillment. He labored on, keeping before him the picture of American life he had so faithfully transcribed in the past. And so he failed to see, as Fitzgerald saw, that the past was irrevocably dead. Leslie Fiedler observes that Fitzgerald, who represents "the world of bohemia and expatriation as done with . . . is more sympathetic to us than . . . Hemingway to whom the Cult of Experience remains . . . his only faith." And today, ten years after his death, we can place his bitter friendship with Fitzgerald within the framework of his whole life and conclude that he unquestionably lost at least this battle.

For both Fitzgerald and Hemingway, it seems clear that the private trouble was rooted in their identities as American writers in an era when to survive as a writer in America required more inner confidence and wholeness than either man could muster.

LEWIS TURCO

IN THE GARDEN

In the garden of odd seed, no
  weeds grow—or, if they do grow
  wild, row on row among
the blossoms of good plant and herb
  furrowed and furbelowed,

the beetles snub them. They crawl black,
  mandibles sawing among
  leaves, leaving speckled spoor where
they go. I care for them all—weed
  and beetle, poor old plant, my

trowel and hoe alive in the soil,
  sun drumming upon stone, rain
    in the patch, wind quickening the
  nettle, lichen greying green moss,
  everything springing, springing—

seedling and shoot finding foothold
  among the dark world's dark bones.

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FALL BOOK ISSUE

Re: Jack Newfield, Graham Greene, Sandra Hochman, Walker Percy, et al.

Bread and Roses Too

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Needless to say, New York City is a media town. It's headquarters for ABC and CBS, NBC and NET. It's the source of *Newsweek* and all strains of Lucespeak. Madison Avenue is there and so are the big publishing houses. Five days a week, indeed, New York City dispatches the *Wall Street Journal* to America's provincial administrators. It rushes *Women's Wear Daily* to their fashionable wives. It beams *Sesame Street* to their toddlers. And it flies the *New York Times* to their children at college. Naturally there are consequences to this concentration.

One of them is the obvious New York City bias to the news.

For instance: Joe Namath *made* the American Football League. He did part of the job on the field, as his arm took the Jets through the Super Bowl, and this he could have done anywhere. He did the rest off the field, though, as his mouth—and, reputedly, other parts of his body—drew millions of dollars of publicity for his club and for the entire AFL. If he didn't play for a New York City team, this never would have happened. Bourbon Street Joe might sound as swinging as Broadway Joe, but New Orleans and its Saints, as far as the media go, are up a bayou and paddleless.

Or the Mets. They used to be the clown princes of American baseball. They used to lose as romantically as—several years later—they won. Jimmy Breslin even wrote a delightful book about the Mets' first, disastrous season. Again, it was the New York arrangement: after all, there'd been no one around to write—let alone a house willing to publish—a chronicle of the wonderful, wacky year the Philadelphia Phillies won 47 and dropped 107.

Another consequence is the New York City tendency to mistake publicity for power.

For example, a New York-based magazine tried less than three years ago to name the city's 10 most powerful people. Astonishingly, one of them was Rhody McCoy, the administrator of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experimental school district. At the time, his recognition factor on the 11 p.m. news was edging up to Gabe Pressman's. Still, he was a school bureaucrat of uncertain tenure and a yearly salary of $16,500.

(Later, of course, McCoy himself did consolidate some power. He helped to install one of his brothers as governor of New York. Another became governor of Arkansas. And the other two are running through millions of philanthropic dollars every year. Rhody himself is reportedly trying to use his financial leverage as the newly-appointed board chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank to foreclose the mortgage on Albert Shanker's home.)

A third consequence is the surprising clout of the *Village Voice*. This newspaper began as little more than a neighborhood weekly and, officially, it still is. So, its coverage needn't leave Greenwich Village, let alone Manhattan or New York City. Still, the Village is quite a neighborhood. Its people, its events and its local newspaper are lodged snugly inside the craw of New York's media monster. The *Voice* can use this position to irritate and second-guess—and, occasionally, compete against—the big news organizations. Consequently, although it's often afflicted by the New York City mentality itself, the *Voice* overcomes it, now and then, and provides some fine media criticism.

One of the *Voice*'s chief torpedoes on this score must be Jack Newfield. *Bread and Roses Too* collects 56 of the pieces he has written during the last six years, chiefly for the *Voice*, where he rides the masthead as an assistant editor. And more than half of them attack—head-on or a few steps away—the way events are covered, managed, distorted, or simply missed altogether.

Newfield has read up on the media outrages of the past few years. The *Voice* itself tells him the Washington *Post*'s editors killed a story about a U.S. program to torture and kill the South Vietnamese civilian cadre of the NFL. Seymour Hersh tells him *Life* and *Look* refused to put off their slow deaths by publishing what was bound to be a circulation sensation, the Mylai story. Gay Talese's book tells him the *Times* let a series on the CIA be checked beforehand by an ex-director of the agency. ("Can anyone imagine the *Times* inviting Tom Hayden up for a look at a series on SDS before it was printed?" inquires Newfield.) So Newfield senses a loose plot here by media liberals, and he'd like to expose a corner of it himself.

He can't. What he does find isn't a plot, it's a pattern: a pattern of meddling by media bureaucrats, of laziness, of *Catch-22* rationalization, and of skinflinting.

He finds one case as New York's liberal newspapers respond to the verdicts and sentences against the Conspiracy 7. The *Times*' man at Chicago's U.S. courthouse, J. Anthony Lukas, apparently had trouble getting some of his stories into the newspaper. Some of those that did run were changed (a word here, a word there), apparently by a nameless copy editor, until they showed a subtle bias against the defend-

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ants. The editorial writers didn't know this, nor did any of them ever contact Lukas about what was happening at the trial, let alone go to Chicago to take a look. This didn't still the newspaper's editorial voice, though. It praised Judge Hoffman's contempt action (although it thought the sentences too severe). Newfield asked one of the editorial writers about this, and he said the newspaper based its views on a bedrock of information. This included an interview of one of the defendants, two magazine articles about the trial—and those doctored dispatches by Lukas. "We rely very heavily on Tony Lukas," said the *Times*. The kicker comes at the editorial page offices of the New York *Post*. The afternoon monopoly sheet of America's largest city couldn't afford to staff the trial for more than a few days. So it, too, based its editorials on the Lukas stories.

Newfield offers two kinds of remedies for this consensus form of journalism.

One is concrete: ten of his own pieces on lead poisoning and the conditions inside New York City's prisons. These come off as aggressive, outraged, closely-experienced bursts of social welfare reportage. They add some new light to a fading newspaper tradition.

The other is on the theoretical side: his remarks on how the New Journalism has risen on the Left to rescue the craft of the printed word. "The only way print can compete is to provide something television can't. And that is advocacy, complex detail, personal feeling."Those three qualities, he claims, mark the NJ.

Well, for one thing, they also exist on TV. And, for another, they needn't be qualities of craft used only by leftish writers. Advocacy doesn't carry any particular political line. As for complex detail, this is a closer case. The conserative *Readers Digest is* one of the fiercer enemies of detail. And Joan Didion, as she set aside literary essays for the *National Review* to take up detailed sketches for other magazines, did seem to push her politics leftward at the same time. Still, Victor Lasky's hatchet strokes can be close and fine, if not particularly subtle. Personal feel-

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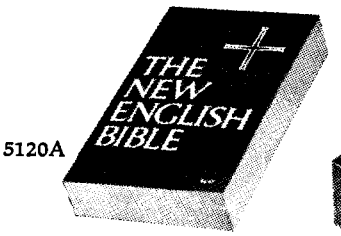

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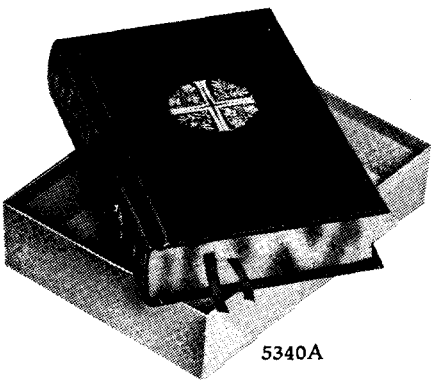
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ing doesn't seem distinctive, either. Every time a Newfield travels precariously by auto through the back roads of an edgy, violent Mississippi to watch and feel for himself, a Joseph Alsop is robustly puddlejumping through South Vietnam on a booming Air Force plane to take his own look-see at his gallant war. Here, it seems, Newfield is trying too hard to turn technique into theory, style into movement. The New Journalism doesn't need a manifesto.

For the sickness of the whole society —and it's more pervasive than simply the malaise of the media—a broader and stronger remedy is needed, thinks Newfield: a new wave of Populism. This he takes to mean a struggle by blacks and whites, workers and students, against their common enemies: the tax-sheltered corporations, the political machines, the labor oligarchies and the liberal elites.

At the moment, Populism is still a vague and mysterious scrap of the current political rhetoric. It seems to blend elements of Naderism, the counterattack on George Wallace, Robert Sherrill's celebrations of Wright Patman, and the thrust of several of the 1970 campaigns for national and local offices. It has come as far as it has as a talking point because it promises to relieve—or, at least, avoid—the bitterness and desperation of 1968. As Joseph Rauh suggests (and he should know), it may be nothing more than rhetorical shelter for liberals-on-the-run: "Liberals and liberalism are even dirty names in some

George Seferis

The Death Of a Poet

HARRY J. CARGAS

The death of Nobel Prize poet George Seferis on Sept. 20 reminds us again of the peculiar nature of the tyranny of the contemporary Greek government. In the manner that William Carlos Williams saw himself as doctor first, poet second, so Seferis seems to have considered himself initially a diplomat who was also a poet.

In 1926 he was appointed to the Greek Ministry of Foreign Affairs and later enjoyed appointments to London (1931), Albania (1936), South Africa (1941), Cairo (1942), Ankara (1948), London again (1951), Ambassador to Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Iraq (1953-6) and from 1957-62 Ambassador to Great Britain.

Greece rewarded Seferis' work by giving him the status of Diplomat for life, allowing him accompanying privileges. In 1963 he became the first Greek ever to win the Nobel Prize for literature—somehow Nikos Kazantzakis was incredibly overlooked. Nevertheless the fact that Seferis was born in Smyrna (Kizmir) the reputed birthplace of Homer, was doubly pleasing to some. He was born there Feb. 29, 1900.

If there is a theme running through Seferis' work it is that of a modern Odysseus searching for the meaning of the past for his own existence. In one of his earliest poems he writes, ". . . we were searching to rediscover the first seed so that the ancient drama could begin again." Even his protest against the military regime had its roots in "cradle of democracy" history. (It should be remembered that certain plays of Sophocles and Euripides are banned from public production by the junta.) Seferis lamented, in March, 1969: "We all know that in dictatorial regimes, the beginning may seem easy, yet tragedy awaits, inescapably, at the end. It is this tragic ending that consciously or unconsciously torments us, as in the ancient choruses of Aeschylus."

Seferis refused to publish poetry under a current government which he labeled as "utterly contrary to the ideals for which our world—and so magnificently our people—fought in the last world war." These words were sent to various Greek newspapers but none was allowed to print them. The government responded anyway, calling Seferis a Communist agent and claiming that the real reason he was not publishing anything was because he was senile.

But Odyssean Seferis was on another voyage, spiritually, away from military rule. Like the Melvillean characters of *Mardi, Typee, Omoo, Moby Dick, Redburn* and the rest, Seferis, especially through his persona of Stratis the Mariner, was continuing his search. Unlike Melville, who seems to have found some resolution in the symbol of Billy Budd, Seferis never came to "rest."

As John Arthos reads him, "He relates his idea of annihilation as the eternal preoccupation of history not merely to the tyranny of brute force but to the tyranny of the divine, and he ends by falling back upon himself, which for him means to fall back upon the Greek conception of the majesty of the individual—" Perhaps the notions of "individualism" and "peace" are incompatible at this stage of human history. Perhaps he was more fully aware of this than readers understood in 1934 when he wrote in one poem of "those who will some day live here where we end" and concluded that poem: "We who had nothing will teach them peace."

The insulting treatment given Seferis by his government is similar to that accorded Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn and others in Russia, Wole Soyinka in Nigeria and many through out South America. When governments can begin to lose their paranoia concerning dissenting authors, men will then be free to pursue the question Seferis asks in one of his haiku:

How can you gather together
the thousand fragments
of each person?

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places. Thus some politicians and writers, hardly changing existing liberal platforms and proposals, call themselves populists to avoid the name."

Accordingly, Newfield's populism is still a loose set of hopes, ideas, and good political stories. He tried to play it up by using his populist jeremiad as the introduction to *Bread and Roses*. And some earlier strains of Newfield's populist feeling do run through the pieces it introduces. Still, so do some strong veins of elitism and scorn for lower-middle-class Americans. Consequently, his introduction reads better as an afterthought, while his populism—at this point, anyhow—qualifies only as a theory in search of experience.

Actually, though, Newfield's strength as a writer isn't tied to the fashions of style and theory. For this role is an old one — and a not - always - dishonorable one: he is a sob sister.

For during the years of Newfield's work, grief entered American politics. The bullets have taken good men, while greed and error and time have taken good chances. As much as polls or pancake makeup, emotional disasters have become a part of the game.

It isn't easy for a journalist to render grief properly, credibly. Usually, the expressions seem hypocritical at worst, obligatory at best. And the networks always count up the minutes they fill as public service time: this is the accountants' approach to death. The trade simply hasn't learned (or found the resources of thought and feeling) how to handle it.

Newfield has. He will risk sentimentality to find sentiment and evoke it. And he doesn't think rage is a breach of taste or FCC regulations. His writing about what this country has lost—and particularly his clumsy, authentic pieces about Robert Kennedy—are worth a lot more than his slick cases for the fashionably current.

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REVIEWERS

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR., is writing a book about Chicago's politics of law and order.

HARRY J. CARGAS is chairman of the English Dept. at Webster College, Missouri.

A Sort of Life

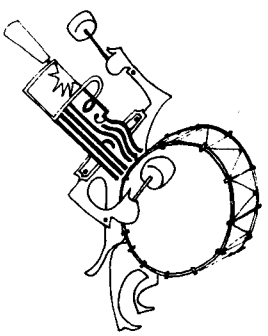
GRAHAM GREENE

Simon & Schuster, $6.95

JAMES FINN

Admirers of Greene should be grateful for this autobiography—and I am. But even while reading *A Sort of Life* I found the pleasure it afforded distinctly mixed, and on completing it I found that my gratitude fell some distance behind a mixture of other feelings—expectations aroused and not satisfied, unsatisfied curiosity, a reluctant rejection of some of Greene's judgments and even a small measure of resentment.

fall in!



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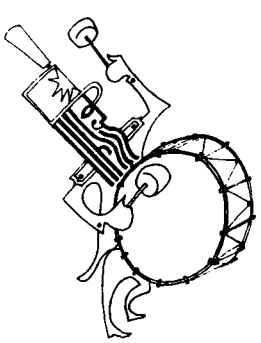

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Scattered through Greene's occasional writings are autobiographical references. It is good to have these brought together in a coherent pattern and to have the rumors about Greene and one's own inferences corrected or confirmed. Good also to have Greene's critical comments on his own work, his insights into the genesis of his writing, and his account of his childhood and early life.

There are few real surprises for anyone who has read most of Greene's works. We have learned before of his experiment with Russian roulette, of the constant boredom on which this was at best a temporary assault yielding in its turn to other techniques—mostly travel to and in dangerous places. The account of his boyhood and family, of illnesses and schooling, of his conversion to Catholicism, his marriage and his early writing career all deepen without much changing the contours we had already discerned. Confirmed too is the importance in his life of dreams and of poetry he read in his early years.

Yet for all the sophistication in Greene's account of himself, for all his generosity in sharing with us both happy and painful memories of his life, the selectivity imposed upon the material of his life makes his autobiography a sort of fiction. The form is nearly perfect, and typically Greene. For how many authors as successful as he, whose novels, stories, plays, reviews and essays have been as widely read and translated, produced for both screen and theater—how many authors could, or would want to, write an autobiography in which failure is the keystone, the theme, the very tone? *A Sort of Life* is drenched in failure, exactly as Greene intended. It is, in these terms, a success.

The book raises about Greene and his work questions that I would like to see answered, or (since that sounds too definite and positive, as if the questions could be answered) at least grappled with. And it may be that only a good autobiography can cope with them with as much satisfaction as they allow. That more satisfactory work—biography or autobiography—would attempt to account for Greene's attachment to failure, his emotional investment in disclaiming success, his early realization, which he never deserted, that he was on the side of the victim, the loser. This question, if properly explored, would involve Greene's works, for much of their strength and some of their sentimental weaknesses derive from this strong impulse in Greene. *A Sort of Life* reveals Greene's early awareness of a relatively benign masochism and of its obverse, sadism, but the extension of that awareness to his own life and to his writing he has left his critics to ferret out. There is, too, in his early novels especially, a strong sense of sexual disgust, of repulsion almost from the physicality of love and lust, a sense which is not accounted for by the events he here relates.

Were Greene to continue his autobiography beyond the point to which he has brought it, I would wish—for I think him a fine critic—to know what he thought of the movies made from his works and, because he can be a caustic polemicist, how he responded to the *Scrutiny* group who never reviewed his work because they couldn't find anyone who could finish one of his novels. And I would wish also to find what he thinks of his Catholic novels, that is, those novels the structure of which depends so much upon a grasp of dogmas and traditional teachings which Greene, along with so many others, has since deserted or ceased to find interesting.

Active disagreements. Like many authors, Greene would like to base universals on the basis of his own experience and then to palm them off on his readers. Not a discredited enterprise, particularly when he is able to invoke the desired response in a number of people. But Greene flounders. It scarcely matters when the item is slight, and after speaking of his hobby of collecting stamps he says "a hobby is an almost compulsive necessity of childhood." But when he writes that it was not morality but timidity that inhibited him from making "my first experiment in copulation" and continues: "Morality comes with the sad wisdom of age, when the sense of curiosity has withered," I think he has declined into flatulent nonsense.

Greene is always capable of surprising. I am among those who found *Travels With My Aunt* a brilliant achievement, light, comic and highly ironic. At word that he is writing another novel, or another volume of autobiography, I would feel that sense of pleasant anticipation that very few authors can arouse in me today.

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REVIEWERS (Contd.)

JAMES FINN is the editor of *Worldview*. His book, *Conscience and Command*, was published early this year by Random House.

FANNY HOWE is the author of two books of poetry, *Forty Whacks* and *Eggs* (Houghton, Mifflin).

SALLIE TESELLE is an assistant professor of theology at Vanderbilt Divinity School in Nashville and the editor of *Soundings*.

MARK TAYLOR teaches in the English and World Literature Department at Manhattan College.

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Walking Papers

SANDRA HOCHMAN

Viking, $6.95

FANNY HOWE

Something about this book *Walking Papers* made me really mad. I mean, boiling mad. This indicates, of course, that Sandra Hochman has succeeded in getting my attention in spite of myself. Like the telephone ringing and running to get it and the person hangs up. Big joke. I expected something else.

Behind my feeling lies the great question: why should a writer tamper with experience? The modern offspring of the old American School of Divine Inspiration. Inspiration is holy. Don't change a jot of it, just to amuse an unknown reader. Poor reader—she is supposed to be very impressed with this meeting. After all, Miss Hochman has been around; she has wit, intelligence and a talent with words. And that's a lot.

So why should I ask for more? I am, in the first place, hard put to find one section of this book which is written for me. That is, me—Miss Nobody, or someone she doesn't know. And here I am only too eager to read women who have had the usual difficulties growing up in U.S. society. But I have met Miss Hochman now, as a poet and as a confessional novelist, and have been subjected to an orgy of deceits. Self-deception.

Which brings me to the critical problem raised by this kind of book: it is obviously autobiographical, yet it is just as obviously a big fib. So what is a novel? A fairly conventional object. A story; a moral tale. The 19th century is full of good novels. Then what is this object we call a novel now? And should we continue to call it by that name? That's what I keep wondering.

It seems that there are two rather vague categories of current fiction—those which are surrealistic, dreamy, apocalyptic. And then the others which are confessional, psychiatric, amoral. Either one can be gripping, given that essential ingredient called Art. And there is something mean about Art. A muse with a sneer, Mona Lisa Incorporated. Sandra Hochman doesn't dare to be mean—with herself or her vision. She is either sentimental or bitchy. Whoever fails her, fails the world. Her people, characters, are valuable only insofar as they are valuable to her.

Her voice in this book is named Diana Balooka. Three marriages, four sons, a series of lovers, many talents and desperate. She is the only offspring of a split marriage, Daddy and Mommy come and go, and she has traveled all over the world with one or the other of the men in her life.

Her men. Who are they? Three husbands, not one of them memorable. Four sons—amorphous, invisible almost. One memorable lover—an Armenian with a personality of Disney dimensions. And other, quickly summarized lovers. Now undoubtedly all these men are true, in the sense that she, the author, has known people just like them and been involved and hurt by each. She has changed a hair color or a twitch, here and there, in order to produce an unrecognizable but real person. The trouble is, the whole character has become unrecognizable in the process.

Her women. They do what the men never do—that is, they whip by with engaging and true personalities. They have lives outside of her head. And this indicates a problem certainly not restricted to Miss Hochman. The problem of the man, and the woman seeing him. If he does not exist beyond her expectations (which we all, by now, know are false), then he does not exist at all. He has no character. He simply looms, secretive and insane, at the boundaries of her livingroom.

Supposedly, in the process of writing and rewriting, the writer comes to wit-

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by James Schall

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ness herself as she would witness another character. To understand herself, what is false and what is true. But in this book the myth of the man is only protracted, given new blood. And it makes the reader angry. Where was her editor? Where were her friends? Why didn't someone tell her that one husband, one son and one lover, each given the right to full personality, would have been better than multiplying each three times over? It wasn't fair to anyone to let her tell a lie composed of half-truths, rather than a perfect lie or the absolute truth.

What is lost, finally, is something that could have been gained, because there is, embedded in the given material, a good book, substance for art. I think it's fair to expect an effort, at the very least, to exhume the ghost of order. Fair to the reader, that is, who should have the same rights as the writer—above all, the right not to be bored.

Romantic Religion: A Study of Barfield, Lewis, Williams and Tolkien

R. J. REILLY

University of Georgia, $9

Shadows of Heaven: Religion and Fantasy in the Writing of C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams and J. R. R. Tolkien

GUNNAR URANG

Pilgrim, $6.95

SALLIE TeSELLE

It is somewhat remarkable that two books which at first glance appear to be Siamese twins should be published within months of each other. But they are more like identical twins who grew up in different families and for whom the environmental influence deflected the genetic similarities. The crucial difference is Owen Barfield, who in Reilly's book sets the course run by C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams and J. R. R. Tolkien, but whom Urang mentions only in passing as an also-ran in this group of Oxford intellectuals. For Urang, the environment in which Lewis, Williams and Tolkien developed is their varying relationship to traditional, supernatural Christianity. The two environments result in interestingly different assessments of the same writers.

Barfield is a terribly difficult man to characterize. A lawyer by profession, he has never held an academic post, yet his writing touches concerns in literary criticism, philosophy, theology, anthropology and physics. His early *Poetic Diction* (1927) is gaining increasing interest, though not until *Saving the Appearances* (1957) did he become known outside a small circle of devotees. Reilly's presentation of his complex thought is masterful, though it is directed not primarily at his poetic theory (which I find the most interesting) but at his philosophical and theological ideas. Reilly is interested in Barfield's romanticism, a strange mixture of Coleridge's Primary Imagination (man's imagination as the reflection of divine creation and hence the way to union with God) and the Anthroposophy of a 19th-century philosopher, Rudolf Steiner (God's progressive creation of the world through man's increasing self-conscious imagination). The mix comes out not too far from Hegel, Teilhard de Chardin and Thomas Altizer: the radical immanence of God in man. It is, Reilly believes, a genuine romantic revival and the environment in which Lewis, Williams and Tolkien flourished. It has the principal mark of romanticism—the sense of "something greater with which the human mind is in touch," a sense that is dependent on the "synthesizing and reconciling powers of the imagination." The striking thing about romanticism (Reilly means it, after Northrop Frye, as that cultural phenomenon that took place between 1790 and 1830 in reaction to Newtonian mechanism, inducing the romantics to see the outer world as dead) is the *inward* turn, the belief that the continuity between man and God was to be found within the self. Reilly, then, takes as his theme in reviewing the work of Lewis, Williams and Tolkien this application of the romantic manner to religious matter.

> In short, I want to demonstrate that the result of their work is a literary and religious construct whose purpose is to defend romanticism by showing it to be religious, and to defend religion by traditionally romantic means.

What Barfield conceptualized—romantic religion—Lewis, Williams and Tolkien *felt*: Lewis felt it as "longing," Williams as co-inherence in love, Tolkien as a man-made eschatological hope.

Urang's environment is quite other; he sees the three not as romantics but within traditional, doctrinal Christianity. The main question he asks of each is: "How does the shape of each writer's belief correlate with the unique literary qualities of his fiction?" The belief which they share in their "didactic fantasies" is the supernatural-natural dualism of Catholic Christianity, a pattern of theistic belief that Urang finds no longer tolerable in the modern world. Whereas Reilly, relying on the romantic environment created by Barfield, concentrates on the immanent, subjective, and personal aspects of

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Lewis, Williams and Tolkien—and thus on their relevance to the inward turn of the current religious scene—Urang, reviewing the three writers in terms of a context of traditional doctrine, concentrates on their implicit dualism of nature and supernature and thus on their irrelevance to contemporary religion.

Who's right? I'm not sure that's the question. The analyses of the three authors by Reilly and Urang are not as far apart as one might suppose (the twins, after all, were identical). The question is rather, Does each environment provide a credible and perceptive framework for analysis? I think it does. I had little doubt after finishing the books that each was a genuine reading of the authors dealt with; each is a rich, carefully executed, well-substantiated literary criticism with a *thesis*, which while it may not be the only applicable thesis, is a solid one.

Reilly, who teaches English at the University of Detroit, has probably written the more lasting and weighty study: *Romantic Religion* has the manner, familiar in good literary criticism, of touching casually on almost everything, of being a sort of intellectual history. In his introduction he says, "The content of literature is everything except literature; literature, it may be said, gives a form to the 'everything except.' " There is a sense in which his book does likewise, for it is written by a man with a broad grasp of several disciplines so deftly handled that his concluding remark that "literature is the handmaiden of religion and philosophy" is not a dogmatic pronouncement but merely the obvious conclusion to his wide-ranging study of the ways literature, religion and philosophy have been united in four writers. Urang, professor of English at Newark State College, received his training in the religion and literature program under Nathan Scott at the University of Chicago. His concerns are more specifically theological; his range is narrower; his spinoffs fewer. The book, however, is a better introduction to the Oxford fantasists, easier to read, and more narrative in its style than Reilly's.

The question which both authors raise, the one of the continung relevance of and interest in Lewis, Williams and Tolkien, is the point at which they most definitely part company and where we might zero in. It is no coincidence that is always the "Lewis, Williams and Tolkien" order, both in Reilly and in Urang and in this review. Lewis, the most supernatural of the three, the least mythological, doesn't really make it into the 20th century. His science-fiction trilogy is perhaps the most successful, because it is the least "Christian": those marvelous mythopoeic passages in *Out of the Silent Planet* of pastel lakes and clouds, of a land peopled by furry and wraith-like rational beings, stick solidly in the mind. But one forgets the "point," which is perhaps only to say that the point is only too obvious in most of his other writings. Williams comes off better: *The Place of the Lion* is sheer magic—the natural realm, particularly the animal kingdom, changes into the supernatural right before our eyes; but in *Descent into Hell* Williams really "works" another kind of relationship, reciprocal human love, which, while it crosses the borders and includes the dead, requires some hard work and is not mere magic. Tolkien, however, for me and for both Reilly and Urang, is the most successful fantasist. In *The Lord of the Rings* there are not two worlds, but one, the world of Middle-earth, a rich, intricately detailed, historical world, more alive and more personal than our world. It is believable on its own terms: no suspension of disbelief is required, no shuffling between worlds. It is mythological not allegorical; as Tolkien says, myth means "becoming largely significant—as a whole, accepted unanalyzed" (Urang, 123). We live for a while in this world, seeing more clearly many things that had become blurred by familiarity—things like innocence, heroism, friendship, early love—through what Tolkien calls "recovery," seeing things as we were meant to see them by the aid of fantasy. And when we come to the end of the story, something else, as Reilly points out, awaits us.

THOMAS MERTON

SOCIAL CRITIC

James Thomas Baker

This acute study deals with Merton as social critic, especially the tortuous development of his thought. Far from being silent, the Cistercian spoke out on many subjects and in his own words, "continued to be the same kind of maverick (as he was before entering the monastery) and have in fact ended as a hermit who is also fully identified with the peace movement, with Zen, with a group of Latin American hippie poets." The book catches him in all his variety.

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> The joy which the ending of the fairy story gives, says Tolkien, is of the same quality, though not the same degree, as the joy which we feel at the fact that the great fairy story of the Gospels is true in the Primary World, for the joy of the fairy tale "has the very taste of primary truth." This is the justification of the fairy story . . . , that it gives us in small—in the beat of the heart and the catch of the breath—the joy of the infinite good news.

It may be only a taste, but that is enough to make a claim for the importance of fantasy and of its creator, the imagination, in divine-human interaction.

Love in the Ruins

WALKER PERCY

Farrar, Straus, $7.95

MARK TAYLOR

The title of Walker Percy's fine new novel pertinently recalls the Browning poem "Love Among the Ruins," which, through the device of a girl's awaiting her lover in the crumbling turret that alone remains of a vast and vanished empire, asserts the superiority of enduring human love to man's always ephemeral monuments to himself. At the beginning of *Love in the Ruins* not one girl but three await their common lover in the rooms of a gutted Howard Johnson Motor Inn. The backdrop of Mr. Percy's story is thus the shards of our own civilization, rather than those of a lost heroic age, and these shards are moral before they are physical.

In 1983 Louisiana is an armed camp: fortunate professional men—bitterly divided between the conservative Knotheads and the liberal Left—live and work together restively in Paradise Estates and the nearby technocratic complex of Fedville. In the surrounding Honey Island Swamp live the disenchanted: the blacks—both American Negroes and fierce Bantu guerrillas—and the young —draft-dodgers, dropouts and love children. The blacks, trumpeting the failures of white Christendom and desiring the Paradise Golf Course for themselves, plan all-out war; in a preliminary incursion five years earlier, they had sacked the Paradise Plaza, looting a bowling alley and a Sears store as well as the motel.

All hope for survival in this apocalyptic age rests with narrator-protagonist Dr. Thomas More, a clear-eyed diagnostician, and a victim, of social malaise. Alternatively a clinician and a patient in the Fedville Behavorial Center, Dr. More is a believing, non-practicing Catholic who loves "women best, music and science next, whiskey next, God fourth, and my fellowman hardly at all." He is the lyrical and exuberant lover of the three women in the motel, but his bouts of lovemaking nevertheless produce hives and respiratory difficulties, depression, possibly a suicide attempt, and guilt because he feels no guilt. He is the occasionally grief-stricken father of a dead daughter, whose death drove him to gin fizzes and (symbolically), Early Times bourbon, while it was driving his wealthy wife, now dead also, to transcendental meditation, to Herman Hesse, and specifically to two fortune-hunting English homosexuals with whom she decamped.

The divergent escape routes pursued by More and his wife serve as a model of what is wrong with the world. It is More's discovery that the problems of society evolve from a modern, intransigent dualism, a separation of materialists from idealists with both denying the human soul where body and mind meet and form whole human beings. Consequently, individuals have become politically divided between the Knotheads and the Left. The former invariably suffer constipation, uncontrollable rages and persecution complexes, while the latter are victims of sexual impotence, excessive abstraction and identity crises. The Knotheads practice proctology and worship Spiro Agnew; the men of the Left work in the behavorial sciences and choose as heroes Hesse, B. F. Skinner and William O. Douglas. These symptoms are the fruits, More tells us, of "the modern Black Death, the current hermaphroditism of the spirit, namely More's syndrome."

The antidote for this syndrome, as it is for the ruins in Browning's poem, is the acceptance of a universal love that exposes the real triviality of human ambition and bickering. "Dear God," More says in an uncharacteristic moment of moral lucidity, "I can see it now, why can't I see it other times, that it is you I love in the beauty of the world and in all the lovely girls and dear good friends, and it is pilgrims we are, wayfarers on a journey, and not pigs, nor angels." To eliminate practically the paralyzing dualism of his world, More invents a lapsometer, a kind of wireless electroencephalograph, that can pinpoint the exact area of psychic malfunction in a man's brain. But the word "lapsometer" also has obviously theological implications: Dr. More applies his "first caliper of the soul" and measures the extent of a man's fall, a finding unacceptable to the scientific community of the novel.

The threat of revolution demands more than a diagnosis of man's ills, however; Thomas More needs a cure to have his Utopia. Enter the novel's strange antagonist, Art Immelmann,

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who plays Mephistopheles to More's Faust, and does as much as the black insurrection to precipitate the major crisis of the story (which I shall not reveal). Immelmann invents an attachment for the lapsometer that can temper cerebral excesses; but in the wrong hands into which it falls, it can exacerbate these same excesses. Or perhaps people will always be themselves despite a coupling of technology and visions of love. "We never never 'do' anything to anybody," Immelmann tells More. "We only help people do what they want to do."

Love in the Ruins is an exhaustive catalogue, serious and comical, of the things that men and women want and then proceed to do—to each other and to themselves—in an irrationally polarized society. Through Thomas More, Mr. Percy observes their behavior with perfect accuracy and then records it with the vigor and delight of the accomplished satirist.

The lampoons occasionally come too easily and attain ends too predictable: for example, America's military support of South Ecuador in an endless civil war against the Maoist North scarcely makes the reader sit up and take notice. Also, the Bantu presence in the United States seems largely gratuitous. And though many pages of description are given to two of More's girl friends, Lola and Moira, I can differentiate between them mainly by their respective musical preferences for Dvorák and Mantovani.

But these are petty complaints about a book whose triumphs are so numerous and so impressive: I think especially of a parody of that self-parodying fragment of modern Americana, the Masters and Johnson Clinic; of a debate, mostly on euthanasia, between Dr. More and a colleague in front of hundreds of howling medical students; and of Dr. More himself, a richly complex man struggling to be honest and sane in a world he understands too well, a man who tells us about himself and in the process lets his book supplant *Portnoy's Complaint* as the modern fictional descendant of Augustine's *Confessions*. *Love in the Ruins* is a remarkable anatomy of our times, and one that may offer a possibility, if not quite a promise, of deliverance.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

again worthy to do battle with *National Review*.

W. DENNIS DUGGAN

Reply

Mr. Duggan writes: "Granted the 11 percent of welfare people who must pick up their checks do not approach a cross sample of all welfare recipients. But if by some strange coincidence they did . . ." It is a peculiar kind of argument which depends upon a "strange coincidence." The point of the "News & Views" item was that figures pertaining to a special sub-category of recipients—and to a kind of alleged fraud, involving employment—were being misapplied to all recipients, 89 percent of whom are in categories where employability, and frauds connected with it, are not at issue. If the Gallup poll operated by Mr. Duggan's standards, it would no doubt poll *National Review* editors on the Vietnam war and conclude that these findings represented the views of editors of weekly and biweekly journals of opinion. By "some strange coincidence," that might turn out to be the case. But reasonable men would meantime doubt the Duggan-Gallup procedure.

Of course, the *NR* editors never hinted at the ingenious poll notion Mr. Duggan has tricked up. In their hurry to find out welfare "cheats," they simply made a mistake. I do not presume to know exactly the percentage of welfare fraud. I do know when others are juggling the figures. J.D.

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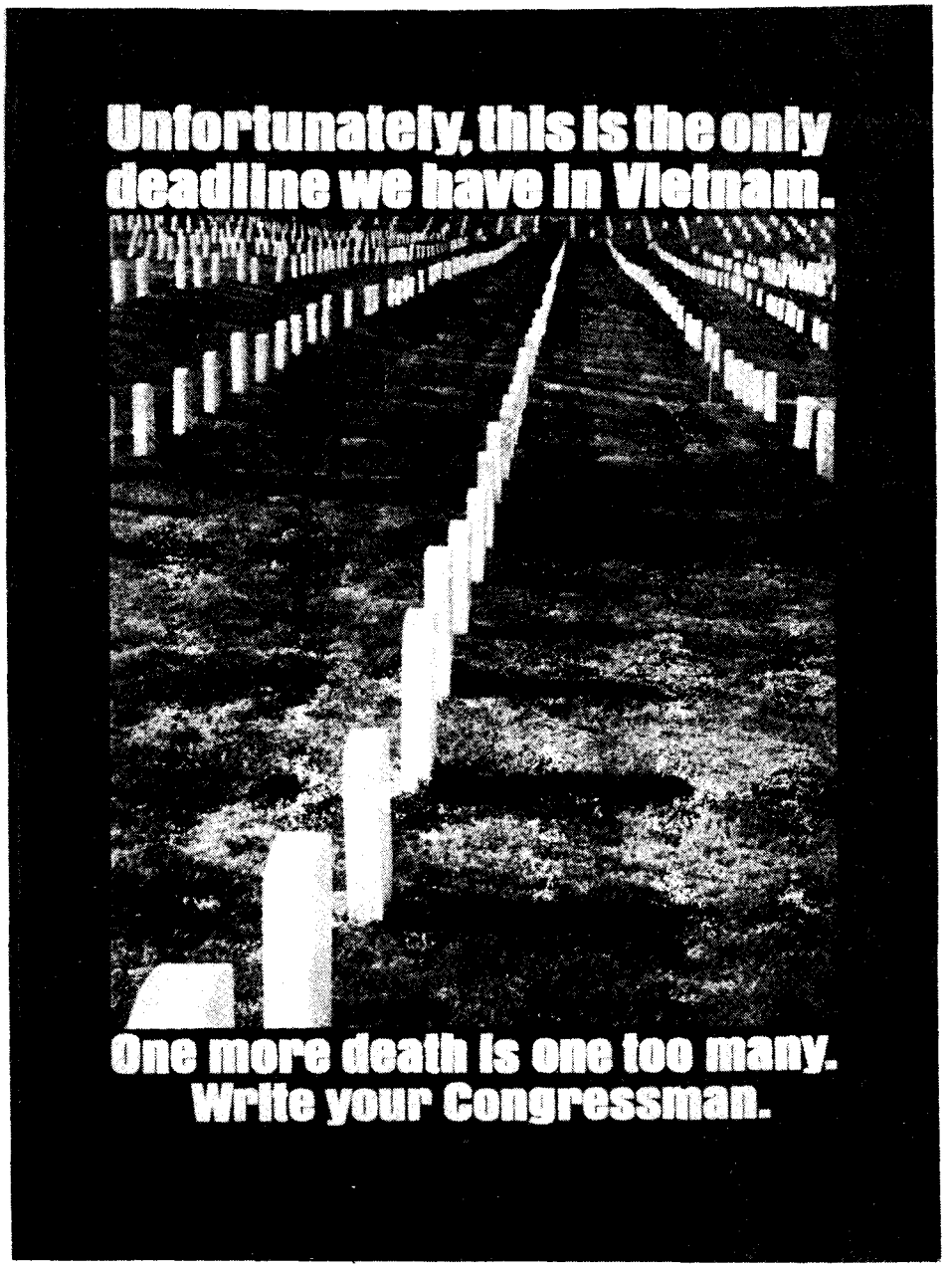

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